

ARMY SONGS.

SOLO.
Ever at Thy bleeding side,
Jesus, Saviour I would dwell,
In Thy name, Lord, I confide,
Those who doest all things well.

Chorus.
Keep me unspotted from sin,
dear Saviour;
Keep me unspotted from sin,
dear Saviour;
I stand off by glory, and tell
out the story;
Of how Thou didst suffer
and died.

Chorus.
I will strive to seek,
a little here below,
To the Saviour will speak;
Tell them how Thy blood did
flow.

Heavy the cross may be,
Even it will never shrink;
By my life the world shall see
That of Calvary's stream I
drink.

Glory, Glory to the Lamb, 143.
Land beyond the blue sea,
I'm a Soldier bound for Glory,
Thru a Soldier marching on;
Come and hear me tell my story;
All that love the Saviour, come.

Chorus.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
I love Jesus, you all do;
I love Jesus, He is my Saviour,
Jesus smiles and loves me, too.

I will tell you what induced me
In the glorious fight to start;
To see the Saviour's loving kindness
Overcame and won my heart.

When I first commenced my war-
fare
Many said, "He'll run away";
But they all have been deceived,
In the fight I am to-day.

Tunes.—Wells, pt; Spanish chant,
Rock, pt; Song Book, 173.

3. Let me hide myself in Thee
Let the water and the blood
From Thy wounded side, which
flowed.

Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me
pure.

Count my tears for ever flow,
Count my zeal no longer know,
These for sin could not move;
Thine must save, and Thou alone,
In my hands no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this feeble breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
Not I rise to worlds unknown,
Not I fall to the judgment throne,
Book of Ages, clasp for me,
will hide myself in Thee.

Curling, N.Y.

Brother Burrage, of Rocky Nar-
rows, was with us on Sunday, March
23, 1914. He is a sailor on the ship
"Lipps" (ayay) C.R.R., and had a
good meeting. Among those pres-
ent was a sailor from the U.S. S.
"Potomac," which was
abandoned off Bonny Bay.

Victoria, B.C.
Brigadier and Mrs. Green recently
visited us (says W.C.V.) and at the
time of the Sunday evening meet-
ing three Young People gave them
several Cou.

On Monday evening the Brigadier
gave an illustrated lecture on the
life of Robert the Bruce and work

THE MASSEY HALL,
TORONTO,
Good Friday, at 11 a.m.

CALVARY

The Story of The Cross.

A PICTORIAL, SCENIC, AND
MUSICAL PRODUCTION OF
BRILLIANCE & EXCELLENCE.

COMMEMORATING THE

First Good Friday

AND INCLUDING—
THE PROPHETIC OF ISAIAH,
CHRIST FORETELLING THE END TO HIS DISCIPLES
THE FULFILLMENT

The Commissioner

IN COMMAND.

(See Notes on Page 13.)

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

AND MRS. BADDEN T

London (Y. P. Day) April 5.
Hamilton, April 12.

Windsor, April 18 and 19.

COLONEL GASKIN

Winnipeg, April 4, 5 and 7; (Of-
fers' Council, and Lecture on
Monday).

THE TERRITORIAL STAFF BAND

Toronto Temple, April 4.

BRIGADIER & MRS. HARGRAVE

London (Y. P. Day), April 5.
London (Y. P. Day), April 5.

Riverdale, April 12.

TERRITORIAL STAFF BAND OCTETTE

London (Y. P. Day), April 4.

St. Thomas, April 6.

Toronto (College Street, Method-
ist Church), April 10.

("Wondrous Cross" Service.)

BRIGADIER TAYLOR

Yorkville April 5.

Holmes Hill, (with Mrs. Taylor and
Cedric Peacock), April 11 and 12.

Parliament Street, April 19.

MAJOR SOUTHLAND

Lippincott, April 10 (Meeting),
Ottawa, April 11 and 12.

STAFF-CAPTAIN AND MRS.

McCAMMOND.

Bracebridge, April 6 and 7.

STAFF-CAPTAIN PEACOCK

Winnipeg, April 5, 6 and 10.

Brandon, April 11 and 12.

WE ARE
Looking for Y

READ THIS

For Friends, Relations, and
others, who have for any
reason, been unable to
make arrangements, or arrangements
have been made, for the
removal of the bodies of
deceased, deceased, deceased,
One Doctor should be
employed, where possible, to
perform. In case of reproduction
of this notice, it is requested
to assist us by cutting through the missing column, so
as to leave it to give information
as to where the deceased
was buried.

INFORMATION URGENTLY WANTED

of H. A. [unclear]
[unclear] & In.
[unclear] late
Grandmother
[unclear] photo.)

233 W.
[unclear]
[unclear] [unclear]

He is a
[unclear]</p

Judge Not! You May Be Mistaken.

CHARMING STORY OF A NEEDY SALVATIONISTS EAGER LONGING TO GIVE SOMETHING TO GOD

BUY a "War Cry"! Yes, I've heard of that rag before; let me see what it's like." So the simple-hearted general of salvation. Seller of a dozen Army Corps, sold the cynical journalist a copy of the beloved paper. The journalist had taken rooms for a few days in that district in order that she might see for herself how the poor live, and she "gensed" copy in "The Army man now standing oil'er doorstop.

"Can you give me any advice?" she quietly enquired of him, having bought a copy of the paper. "I've been very ill; in fact, I've been at the Army's doors, and I don't believe in God. Can you help me?"

"Well," replied the man, speaking with an air of natural confidence that impressed the young woman, "I can do much; I can tell you what God has done for me; I can give my testimony, and I can pray with you."

"Oh, if you're going to pray with me, you had better come inside," said she, speaking somewhat gaily.

They went in, and the Salvationist told the half-critical, half-wondering journalist how he had been converted from a life of drunkenness and made a new man altogether. Then he knelt in prayer—pouring out the feelings and longings of his heart in wonderful earnestness and faith. The journalist could not forget the simple prayer. She must go to know more, and more about this strange man she said to herself.

A day or two later, therefore, she called upon the Captain of the Corps. "Did she know Mr. So-and-So?" He said "The War Cry." Yes, the Captain knew Brother So-and-So quite well, and the young lady spoke for a few minutes of her and his prayer. Then, having established a little intimacy, she asked, "Mr. So-and-So is a good man, isn't he?"

The Captain agreed, and they continued the conversation, until the Captain had again told the lady journalist that Brother So-and-So was really good, and the only flaw she had found in his life was that he was inclined to be a little close-minded. His comrades, who should know, so regarded him. But he was a good man.

The young lady was not satisfied; neither the Captain nor the Soldiers are right, she said to

herself. A selfish man could not pray like that, and I'll find out.

She therefore planned to send him some money through the post and would then attend

To Your Friends:

Next week, beginning April 13th, is being prepared by Salvationists throughout Canada, Newfoundland, and Bermuda as THE WEEK OF PRAYER, during which special intercession is made for the work of The Army in all lands, and for the success of THE SELF-DEFINING WEEK, which begins on the following Sunday, April 19th. Every reader of "The War Cry" has at some time heard of this Annual Effort to raise funds for the maintenance and extension of Salvation Army Work, some of which is described in this special number of "The War Cry."

When we speak of prayer for the success of the effort, we mean prayer that a great number of men and women and little children may take part in it; that they may give with a happy and generous spirit, whether little or much; as God has prospered them, and that they may all be richly blessed in so doing. Would you not like to contribute towards making the 1914 Effort in Canada such a success? You can give your donation to an authorized Salvationist collector, or you can send it to the nearest Salvation Army Corps or Institution. Generosity, like mercy, is twice blessed; it blesses him that gives and him that receives. Your money will be well and carefully spent in the noblest of work for God and the people.

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The young lady was not satisfied; neither the Captain nor the Soldiers are right, she said to

him might refer to it, if at all. That would also give her an opportunity of seeing the other Salvationists.

Heavily veiled she entered the little Hall. Both the Captain and Brother So-and-So were there, but no one could recognize her.

A CHARACTER OF THE APOSTLE PAUL. HIS LONG AND LONELY JOURNEYS, WRITTEN IN INSIGHT BY MRS. MAJOR MOON

were Christians there, but I think his first and chief purpose was to learn of God and be prepared for his great life-work.

Paul did not fear solitude; he rather loved it. When he had reached the island of Corfu, where he was so bitterly oppressed by the Jews, he was sent by the brethren by night to Berea. There those Thessalonians Jews followed him, stirring up the people against him, so that he was sent to Athens, and there left alone for a season. He was not expected to take up active service with his co-workers arrived.

Imagination I have watched him in his

EASTER DAY.

MIGHTY Lord of Winter-tide!
O loving Lord of the Spring!
Come to our hearts this Easter Day!
Melt all the frozen ice away,
And evermore abide.

Making both good and ill to he
Thy blessed opportunity.

lonely walks through the streets of this beautiful, but idolatrous, city, where it is said that "it was easier to find a god than a man" and his spirit was stirred within him. Unable therefore to wait Silas and Timothy, he struck out alone, and single-handed he expostulated with the Athenians daily. Here was courage! Here were daring! No wonder the people were amazed, or that they sought him to the highest court in Athens, and urged him to declare "this new doctrine."

Another picture of Paul in solitude is on his third missionary journey. He had been much with the Church and people, and longed to be alone for a season. With his company he had

spent seven days at Troas. On the last day

spent until midnight, and afterwards

on his friends by ship to Assos, musing in the darkness, a distance of over twenty miles along the ancient Roman road. So long in the darkness, and solitude, Paul went dead.

It is striking to note the evidences of

Apostle's exceptional will power. We find

him using the word "determined" in reference to

his own purposes five times, not mentioning

any others in respect to Paul; nor are other instances of this strength of purpose in him

found.

On his second journey he had trav-

eled the Province of Phrygia,

and arrived in the city of Asia, but

"forbidden of the Holy Ghost."

He then

traveled to Mysia, which was also in Asia, but was

free to do anything there. He next asy

to go into Bithynia, which was still another

part of Asia, but the Spirit suffered him

not.

Now, I am quite sure this humble, noble

man of Jesus Christ had a thoroughly

spiritual life, but not as yet, because his

call was to him, in the absence of clerics,

he assayed, in his strong way, to follow

original purpose.

Again, we find evidence of this un-

ited will on the third journey, when he planned

to go to Jerusalem. The disciples told

him that he must not go up to Jerusalem, but he replied, "I go to Jerusalem to stay."

He then

traveled to the

city of Jerusalem, not knowing the things that

befell me there, save that the Holy Ghost

was with me in every city, saying that bonds and

shackles were in every city, saying that bonds and

shackles abide me."

At Caesarea the prophet Agabus fore-

told him he would be bound

in his feet.

He said, "I am not afraid of the Holy Ghost,"

and at Jerusalem bind the man that

this girdle."

And when we

(Continued on Page 18.)

A VISIT TO ROOKSTONE, the Home of the late General. By Brigadier Bond.

the meeting next night to see in

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Enlisted For Service—Anywhere!

TRAINING COLLEGE CADETS, AND HOW THEY RECEIVED THE CALL TO WORK FOR GOD IN THE SALVATION ARMY WHILE STUDYING GREEK

The Army's teaching of Holiness as a practical experience for every converted man or woman, was one of the chief factors in the decision which Cadet S. made to offer himself for service. At the critical moment he was studying for the examination which would decide which corps his right arm. And then he realized that he had disobeyed the voice of God. He must break it, he could not decide.

One day, while poring over a Greek manual, he must follow in it or disobey God. Without further delay, he bowed his head over his books and in a few moments made the decision—for God, Holiness, and The Army.

He is not now studying Greek, but learning how a young man, who, four years ago, could not read or write his own name, may become a soul-winner in the truest sense of the term.

CADET IN A COAL WAGON.

Dirty and helplessly drunk, a man lay in the gutter of one of the main streets of Toronto. A Cadet, with a bundle of "War Cry" under his arm, came along, and instantly forgetting that he

had challenged a comrade Cadet to sell the most papers that afternoon, lifted the man to his feet, and endeavoured to find out from him where he lived. He was, however, so drunk that he could only mumble incoherently. A store-keeper at last came to the Cadet's assistance, and gave him what he believed was the drunk's address. But how could he get him there? It was too far to walk with such a burden.

An policeman came up, and the helpless man began to struggle, fearing arrest. "Oh, don't let him get me!" he cried, his dulled senses becoming aroused at the sound of the familiar helmet. Just then, a man driving an empty coal wagon passed by. "Help us, there's a drunk in the wagon," the driver did say, and in a few moments Cadet and his drunken charge were perched up in the wagon, which the Cadet persuaded the driver to take to the street named by the store-keeper. Before they arrived, the drunk recognized the uniform of his helper, and with a choking voice, said: "What have I done that you should do this for me?"

PRICE OF DISOBEDIENCE.

Coming into a city in the Northwest from his father's farm, Cadet F. saw, for the first time, the Salvation Army, and promptly fell in love with it. He got converted in a meeting which he subsequently attended, and straightway felt that he should become an Officer.

On returning to his brother's hometown, for the harvest season, he told him of his desire

to join the Army. His brother laughed at him, and urged him to stay where he was. He could serve God just as well on the farm, as in the city where the Corps was situated, he said.

The other listened, and to his ultimate sorrow, took his brother's advice and stayed on the farm. Six months later he felt the conviction which cost him his right arm. And then he realized that he had disobeyed the voice of God. He must break it, he could not decide.

More difficulties came along. Having the use of only one arm, he could not command high wages at any work he took up, and he began to wonder where the money for his outfit and traveling expenses would come from. On the day of his farewell, he had no assurance of money. And then his faith was rewarded, for as he shook hands at the railway depot with some of his friends, they left in his palms more than enough money in bills to supply his immediate needs.

AT THE GENERAL'S MEMORIAL.

To go to a Salvation Army meeting would, a few years ago, have been considered a disgrace in the eyes of any member of the family to which Cadet R. belongs. And so until he came to

NOT TOO OLD AFTER ALL.

Although he held an important position in the little town of B. in Eastern Ontario, Cadet P. was a thorough simpleton, and longed to be able to help some of the fellows around him, whose lives, like his own, had been ruined by drink. So he became a Candidate's parent, but when his father, the Divisional Commander at B. was told of this, he realized that he had disobeyed the voice of God. He must break it, he could not decide.

Nothing daunted, the Cadet worked for the Corps until one day, the Commissioner received a telegram from the district, sent for him. He even received a definite assurance of a place in the Work Corps on that day. The Captain Corps rushed into the workroom, and at that time, employed—he had now an official position in the town rather than the Army—and handed him a telegram, requested him to proceed at once to the Army's Work Corps at B. The Corps received a telegram from the Mayor of another town, offering a good position and high wages.

"What shall we do, dear?" he said to his wife. She promptly and wisely replied "Go to the Army and they will help you." And they went.

As a result, both husband and wife left



Adjutant McElheney, Young People's Sergeant-Major Braund, and some of the Workers of the fine Young People's Corps at Peterboro.

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Before they arrived, the drunk recognized the uniform of his helper, and with a choking voice, said: "What have I done that you should do this for me?"

The tears of repentance of the poor fellow, combined with his promise to do better in future, were ample reward to the Cadet for a lost challenge.

To Those who are Called to Leave All.

Leave all, until then, Follow me, and I will make you fathers of men.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.

He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.

Then that wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and that turn my righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.

in the Training College, where they have a many kindred spirits which have assured that they are not too old after all.

THROUGH THE "SOLDIER'S GUIDE."

Do you read the "Soldier's Guide" and the late General for the use of all Salvationists? Then, so turn to the "Leaves for N. Pluckings" for the 8th of May, and you will these words: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

It was this verse of Scripture that set off another Cadet in his search for the Army. He had come to uncertainty. He had converted in the Army, and in boyhood strayed from the path. Then he attended Young People's Day left by our own Comptroller, and again saw that his place was in the Army. He went home, and at his bedside himself to God. On the following night, he first said to the Mercy Seat. And then, in obeying what he knew was the will of Officership.

His parents were against his going to Training College, and the difficulty of who to obey was almost heart-breaking. night, however, when the Cadet was all his parents' home, he took the book of the Army and read it. And then that he might guided to a verse or a chapter that would him what to do. He opened the book at page on which the date, May 8th, was the first words that caught his eyes were already quoted.

The way was clear; he obeyed his parents, and is to-day in the Training

THE EASTER WAR CRY.

PAGE 2

RACE HOSPITAL WINNIPEG

N Winnipeg all roads lead to Grace Hospital. Not that other sections of the Army effort are unappreciated, but this attractive and imposing building, with its wonderful work conducted on so large a scale, and unexpectedly, made a very favorable appeal to the practical common sense, as well as to the imagination of the fast-thinking Westerner. He likes big things, and is therefore not a little disposed to know that Winnipeg has probably the best Army Institution of its kind in the world. He thinks still more highly of the incomparable service rendered by its capable staff.

before the Manitoba Medical Society a report of the first 1500 admitted cases which we had in the first year, and that was considered one of the most satisfactory reports ever given there. I am satisfied that were I to write up the over six hundred cases we have had during the past year, the report would be very much more favourable in many respects.

Purpose of the Institution.

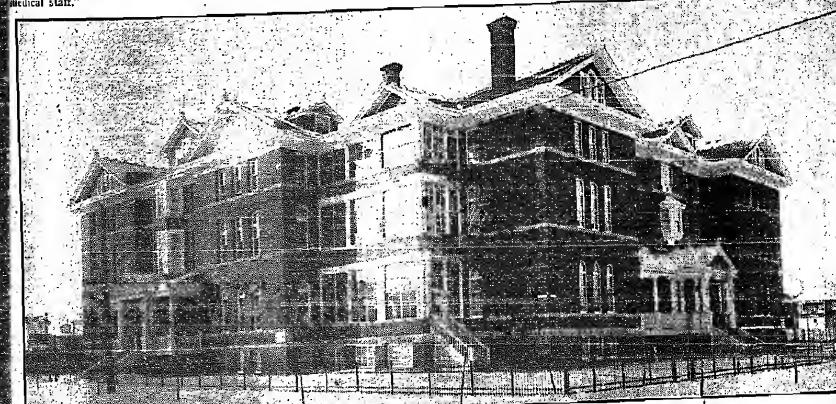
Grace Hospital (of which Staff-Captain Payne is Matron) is, it is almost superfluous to say, principally a maternity institution. Its purpose as such may be described as that of providing medical treatment to those in a deep need for friendless girls and women; to make like provision for mothers among the deserving poor, and to also receive paying patients who prefer such treatment and convenience as the Hospital affords to the best arrangements that could be made for them at home at such a time. A glance at the statistics of the Hospital for the last year (as set out on this page) will perhaps give the best idea of how well this purpose is being realized.

Taking the total figure, we see that no fewer than 1,468 patients (including children born there) were treated in the institution, and that there were 1,147 cases of patients admitted. Of these approximately 1,000 were friendless women, and could only be sent to such homes as the Hospital could afford. There are, on an average, 600 Reseque patients in the Hospital all the time, and if in these wards, mother-love is mostly intermingled with poignant sorrow, the help which The Army is able to extend is often the cause of insuppressible joy to distant relatives.

A Mother's Letter of Thanks.

"I am thankful," writes a mother in the Old Country, "that your institution has done so much for my poor daughter. Only God knows the anguish of my heart since she left home, the anxious hours I have spent, and the bitter tears I have shed over her heart to God. Do not let me ever leave her in the future, for the sake of her broken-hearted Mother."

Sometimes, too, happy reunions between parents and daughters are effected, and from time to time a wedded couple take up in the reception room of the Hospital. In the majority of these instances the Officers have prevailed upon the young man concerned to do the only honourable thing, and now these couples are comfortably settled in little homes of their own. Six weddings of this kind were conducted at the Hospital last year. Major McLean, Staff



New photograph of Grace Hospital. The original wing (much foreshortened in this picture) is on the right hand.

THE EASTER WAR CRY

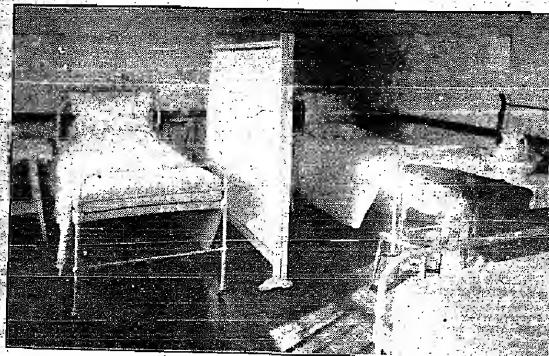
Captain Tudge, and the Rev. Dr. Cook officiating.

14. Helping Poor Mothers.

Perhaps the wards that are the most appreciated are those in which the poor women are helped who otherwise would not be able to afford the care and attention they so much need at the time of their confinement.

One of these patients was the wife of a

broken husband and the mother of three little children. Her husband had so ill-treated her that she had to flee for protection. She was very ill, and it was at first thought she could not recover; but provision was made for her children; she herself was given care and comfort, and she is now in happy circumstances.



One of the Semi-Private Wards on the Maternity Section.

The serious illness of her husband and two children was the cause of another mother's distress. Through the bitter cold weather she had to work very hard to try to make ends meet. Then the little boy died and the mother, nearing the time of her confinement, was hurried to the Hospital. Her gratitude to God and the Army Officers for a comfortable bed and friends to help her in her suffering and bereavement was touching to witness.

How is it Done.

How is all this work and so much beside which we have no space to mention—done? To that question we will now attempt some reply.

To begin with, the building itself is admirably suited to its purpose. Standing on a large, angular plot of ground, it consists at present of two four-storeyed wings—the main and original wing facing north, and the new wing facing east. As the work grows it may be necessary to add other sections; at any rate, the land is there in the event of further foreign and forethought having with advantage been entered into the making of the original plan for the building.

The main floor on the north wing is a large room occupied by necessary offices, reception rooms, dining-rooms, and Officers' quarters. The first and second floors on this wing are devoted exclusively to nursing. On the top storey the nurses are domiciled.

Roughly speaking, the rooms on the chief floors are arranged on either side of a wide, light, and airy corridor running the whole length of the wing. Each room, therefore, gets full advantage of direct light and air. There are also large verandahs where the patients may rest, and recuperate in the wholesome sunlight.

The second floor on the main wing is an exact duplicate of the first floor, an arrangement which has been found greatly to facilitate the work. On these floors are the nursing rooms, operating-rooms, dressing-rooms, bathing-rooms, and others, in addition to the wards. There are also the clean rooms, contagious wards (which are completely isolated), and convalescent wards.

Accommodation.

The accommodation of the Hospital, including the Rescue section, is a hundred and seventy-five beds. In the Maternity section there is accommodation for fifty patients; that is, for fifty mothers and their babies. There were, on the day of our visit, twenty-three mothers and twenty-five babies in the Maternity wards, and—

the babies were kept quite apart from the mothers and babies in the Rescue wards. The prices range from \$2 a day for the patients to \$1 for a bed in the wards—this applying only to the floors where paying patients are received. Except with those engaging private rooms, the difference consists chiefly in accommodation and privacy, rather than in the bill of fare or attendance.

Work of the Officers.

But the most modern and perfectly-equipped hospital would be almost as perfect a failure if the human element in its management were at fault, and excellent as is the equipment of Grace Hospital, one cannot say anything less of the

and Lieutenant Smith are responsible for cooking required by different Hospital. Captain Stevensoult, Captain Gorge has the nurses' uniforms, Hospital government charge of the kitchen. Captain Clarke looks after the cleaning of the wards in the Rescue section. Captain Deacon is in training, as a Maternity section.

There are eleven Officers, in the fourteen nurses in training, and nine. The nurses begin on a two-months' course. If accepted, they receive \$1 per uniform per year until graduating.

The Medical Staff.

We have already mentioned Dr. S. with Mrs. Sugden, has recently closed the Hospital from the first, are Coulter, Dr. W. G. Campbell, Dr. A. W. and Dr. Burridge. These gentle

work of the Rescue or public service Hospital without fee. They take the billings, in turn, a month at a time, on call by day and night. Some attending doctor will get a sum paid during one night from the Hospital, of course, adding a large practical sum.

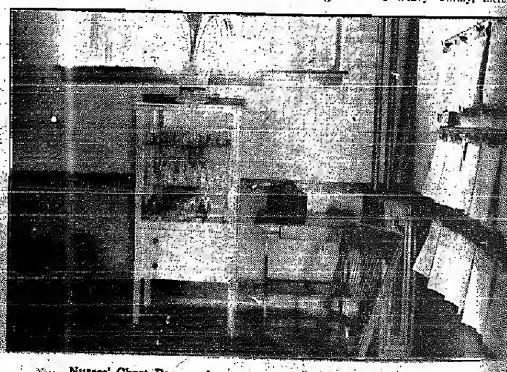
With regard to the private Maternity Hospital works for about a half twenty-four hours a day, in the city, all of their patients there. The doctor bringing a patient responsible for Hospital, renting him the room and the nursing at so much a day.

Conducted at Great Cost.

An institution of such magnitude is conducted at a very great expense. It is only two or three times the expenditure of fuel and lighting for last year, and the charges for milk, water, and so on. The installation of the laundry, at a cost of \$1,700, was also a heavy tax upon last year's expenses. That there is no question about the fact that the institution was, on the occasion of our call, clean and bright and orderly as though one of the frequent visits of angels had been expected. But then, does not the angel of life visit the Hospital almost

every day?

Against this heavy outlay, there are



Nurses' Chart Room, where a record of every patient's progress is kept.

every day? There were 668 births last year alone! And sometimes the angel of death comes suddenly on the wings of night. There were forty-six deaths, mostly little babies whose eyes had scarcely yet opened to the light of this new world before they were closed to its joys and sorrows.

But to the Staff: The Matron has very capable help: Adjutant Beckstead is her chief assistant in all the work of the institution, holding also the position of head day nurse. Miss Ellery is chief nurse. Four nurses, by the way, are on duty every night. Captain Engle is secretary to the Matron. Captain Gardner

Colonel Brainwell Booth

UNDERTAKEN TO SEND

100 Missionary Officers

The Army's Foreign Fields within a period of years. Two parties of a hundred each already left, principally for India and the East. Ought you to be one of the remaining draftees? (See the General's Letter on page 10.)

Officers are also urgently needed for the increasing work of The Army in Canada. Ought you to be a Candidate? If you need any information on the matter, write to the Candidates' Secretary, 20 Albert St., Toronto, Ont.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

and Wholesome Reading for Every

Full of instructive and interesting articles, stories, and accounts of The Army's Junior work in many lands, "The Young Soldier" is the paper to be put into the hands of boys and girls.

A Telling Serial Story woven around the life and adventures of that Missionary hero, Dr. Livingstone, is now running through its pages. Games and Painting Competitions are other features that delight the children. Our special number, with coloured frontispiece, will be issued the last week in June.

The subscription price per year is fifty cents, post paid, one cent. Send all orders to Trade Secretary, James and Albert Streets, Toronto, Ont.

THE WAR CRY.

IN THE DAYS OF HIS YOUTH.

THE birthday of William Booth, beloved Founder and Father of The Salvation Army, which his people in every land have many times cause to thank him for, falls on June 19, while the return of the date reminds us of our loss. It serves also to remind us of what has been the astonishing outcome of one life—dedicated life. While he was yet with us we were too near to view in its proper perspective the great work he did, and it was natural

to speak of all the clean personal clothes

linen sheets required every week

of all the clean personal clothes

baby linen.

Although the saloons closed at seven on

Saturday night, John Ardwell, as we will call him, had secured enough liquor to make him

thoroughly drunk, and when, at the said hour,

the saloon-keeper turned him out of his bar-room, he was quickly pounced upon by the police, and marched off to the nearest of the

subsidies where he was put in a cell.

John! He had once enjoyed the favour

of God; had once given his testimony in The Army meetings, but his wife had so worried him about joining the Salvationists with whom she herself was not proud to be seen, that he at last

gave up attending the meetings. And then he lost his job, and again took to the drink. Ever since Christmas he had been "on the house," and his wife, seeing her mistake, was almost distracted.

At last, she went to the Adjutant and pleaded

with him to do something for her husband.

Hearing of the poor drunkard's sad plight,

one of the Bandsmen—the last to play the

way—resolved to help him if at all possible, and on the following afternoon went down

to the police station and got permission to take the prisoner to The Army meeting. They arrived at the Hall just after the announcement

regarding the Band's inability to play had been

made.

All thoughts of a lost opportunity of showing

their visiting but they could do immediately

what the Bandsmen's whisks as their

bass player entered the Hall with the towering

hussar leaning upon his arm. Together they

kneel at the Pickett-form, and there the wan-

derer found pardon and deliverance from

desire for liquor. Comrades who were present

testify to the wonder and amazement as he rose

from his knees; he was sober and fully conscious

of what he had done.

Several minutes before the time for the even-

ing meeting, the bass player was again at his

restored comrade's house, ready to escort him

to the meeting. He went in, and the drink-

er found pardon and deliverance from

desire for liquor. Comrades who were present

testify to the wonder and amazement as he rose

from his knees; he was sober and fully conscious

of what he had done.

Only a few people know how it all came

(Continued on Page 10.)

Why They Could Not Play.

A DILEMMA AND A DRUNKARD'S RESTORATION.

"Now, Adjutant, I suppose we can have a selection from the Band?"

It was Sunday afternoon at a certain Toronto



Officers' Dining Room, Grace Hospital, with Staff Assembled. (See Pages 7 and 8.)

tributed principally by Great Britain and the Scandinavian Territories, in which we include brave little Finland. We cannot but rejoice that such splendid sacrifices have been made by these European fields, but their greater liberality will throw into sharper contrast the smaller gift of any large Territory, should that Territory fail to make its contributions as prompt as it might be and as generous as the need requires.

Our is an enviable opportunity.

AN EASTER-TIDE GREETING.

I wishing every reader of "The War Cry,"

old and new, an Easter-tide richly blessed by

the presence of the risen Lord, do I make

a suggestion to make: Why not with this special Easter issue introduce the paper to a new



The International Staff Band on the march in Germany.

to ask. Was there ever such a life? And yet the story of the late General's early companions, as told in this issue (which is, by the way, the only issue of "The War Cry" to our Young People), tells the encouraging circumstance that The General's opportunities in youth did not materially differ from those of our own Young People. It is strength of will that counts so largely, and a store of spirit. Given these and the world is full of opportunity.

WITHIN FIFTY YEARS.

WHAT The Salvation Army, which was brought into being less than fifty years ago, should now be at work in fifty-eight countries, and colonies, and dependencies, and preaching Salvation

is a very striking fact; but its present opportunities on the Missionary Field are greater than they ever were, more remarkable; and that The General's call for Officers to dedicate their lives to the saving of the heathen is receiving so ready and generous a response, is most wonderful of all. Two hundred Officers have already left Europe for India and the Far East, these having been con-

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THE SALVATION ARMY AND THE HEATHEN

A Letter from The General.



COMRADES AND FRIENDS.

Do you realize the magnitude of the Heathen World with its thousand millions of souls?

Yes, one thousand millions! It seems incredible but it is only too true.

A THOUSAND MILLIONS! What does it mean?

That is the question it is so very difficult to answer—it means so many things.

It means for one thing that the Heathen World of to-day, containing this vast population, is also a World of misery and sorrow, and largely a World of cruelty and suffering.

Amongst its great crowd are millions of cannibals; many millions who offer human sacrifices to gods of wood and stone; millions more who are slaves or slave-holders; still more millions who carry on unnameable abominations in the practice of their religions; and still more who suffer from horrible customs which finally break the human heart and ruin the immortal soul.

A THOUSAND MILLIONS!

But the magnitude of this—the greatest of all the problems which confront the religion of Jesus—is not entirely seen in the vastness of

International Headquarters, London, E.C.

AN EASTERDAY GREETING.

(Continued from Page 5.)

To territory west of Fort William to New Zealand, Great Britain, and Ireland, the United States, and all other countries in the Post Office, \$1.00 per annum. To territory east of Fort William, \$1.00 per annum.

NEITHER WEALTH NOR INFLUENCE.

THE SALVATION ARMY has not reached its present position and influence by the means of the great wealth or social standing of its Officers and Soldiers, most of whom

have mighty little of this world's goods to call their own. (Not that they despise wealth, but they are too fully occupied in seeking and saving the lost for whom the Shepherd died to permit of their having any time or love for mere money-making.) The Army organization has rather risen upon the very enthusiasm and hidden devotion of its people—and upon their self-sacrifice. We have heard of outside the city in which it had its birth. And upon prayer, and self-denial. It is as dependent as ever. For this reason The Army faithfully observes every its Week of Prayer and Week of Self-Denial, in which, because of all its merciful

redemptive, and missionary work, it earnestly believes invites the hearty co-operation of the church and the great Christian public. We know of our dear people all eagerly and joyfully respond.

WHY THEY COULD NOT PLAY.

(Continued from Page 5.)

about; how faithfully and persistently the player sought to bring him into the field all the while; that's just why the band couldn't get up all I long for and I have needed, you cannot tell. I have fallen into a deep sleep at the same time, having a fully-consecrated body.

A Sanctified Body.

By General William Booth, Founder of The Salvation Army.



I had my life to come over again I would pay far more attention than I have done to the things that have bad to do with my own health, although I think I have exercised more care on the subject than many do, especially during my latter years.

A Strong and Healthy Body will have much to do with your Comfort. I might say with your Religion. You cannot get away from your body, at least, not in this life. It will make you all the time. And, being there, it will make itself felt. And if you are not strong, or you are not in other part of your frame, then it will have a very depressing effect on your spirits, on your mind and heart generally. I am quite aware that the Grace of God can make you resigned to the endurance of afflictions, give you patience in them, and turn them to good account; but it does seem to me that it is wisest and best to, as far as possible, avoid them.

A Strong, Healthy Body will have much to do with your satisfactorily discharging your Every-day Duties. You cannot look after your family, attend to your home, or go through a hard day's work with satisfaction if you are sick and feeble. Whereas, if you are well, work will be a real pleasure.

A Strong, Healthy Body has to do with the comfort of those around you. When a wearying discomfort people who are always ailing, become to relatives, friends, and servants. Many of them, I know, cannot help their troubles—bless them!—it would be a great deal better for those around them if those troubles could have been avoided.

A Strong, Healthy Body is very helpful to Paul, son of Paul, who suffered because their hearts are full of unbelief and rebellion against God. If they would get right in their souls, it would greatly help them to get right in their bodies. Just so, others suffer in their souls because of the disordered state of their bodies. The depressions and low spirits which come of weaknesses, diseased livers, and the like, hinder faith and shut up prayer, and often spoil the Salvation Army.

A Strong, Healthy Body is friendly to persevering, earnest Salvation Warfare. Of course, when the soul is on fire with the love of others, it will drag a weak body to the open-air, or to the Junior Company, to the after meetings, or to other fields of action. Still, it can only go so far, and what it does is only done in a half-and-half way; whereas, with good health and spirits, and faith, the work will be not only delightful, but easy.

Perhaps some one will say: "Ah! I do wish I could have a strong and vigorous body; but it has not been my portion, and I am afraid never will be." That is just what I say about myself; but I go a little further, and say, "If I cannot have all I long for and I have needed, you cannot tell. I have fallen into a deep sleep at the same time, having a fully-consecrated body.

Give yourselves up, therefore, to eat, and drink, and dress, and sleep, and work, *and go* through every other earthly duty as purely and devotedly as if you were in Heaven already.

[The second article in this practical and helpful series will appear in next week's "War Cry." —Ed.]



And This Woman Also Which Came
Unto Her Son Said, Followed After
Her From Behind And Said, That Disciple Leave
Her Unto His Own Home.

Some Say Superstition: WE SAY GOD.

Wonderful Influence of Religion upon India's Criminal Tribesmen who thoroughly Hated Work.

INDIA'S Criminal Tribes represent a phase of crime which is almost unknown in Europe and America. Perhaps their condition might be fairly called a state of war rather than a state of crime. On the one side are ranged the police forces of the Indian Empire, backed up by a powerful army. On the other side we find a compact body of warriors, including men, women, and children, and often marshalled and led on by women chieftains. Inured to hardship, adepts in trickery, trained from infancy by their expert leaders, they carry on a guerrilla warfare which defies the combined efforts of an army of one hundred and fifty thousand police and seven hundred thousand village watchmen.

It is difficult to estimate the number of these Criminal Tribes. In the Punjab there are at least one hundred thousand, while in the Bombay Presidency over two and a half millions are to be found. The Madras Presidency, the United Provinces, and the Indian Native States also abound with them.

When it is remembered that these tribes are in many cases direct descendants of the aboriginal owners of the country, and that many of them have had kingdoms and dynasties of their own, some sympathy must naturally feel for their present condition. Expatriated from their ancient possessions, harassed by an ever-vigilant police, punished, imprisoned, and their freedom curtailed, they are naturally embittered against those whom they regard as their oppressors.

"Spirit of our fathers, help us!" runs the prayer of one such tribe: "Save us from the Government, and shut the mouths of the police."

One of our women Officers (writes Commissioner Booth-Tucker) was conducting a meeting amongst a number of tribesmen. She had been speaking to them about the evils of sin, and of the necessity of their resisting the temptations of Satan. "Who is your greatest enemy?" she asked. A chorus of voices responded "The police."

"But I mean your spiritual enemy, the enemy of your souls," she explained. They persisted, however, in repeating their answer. Wishing to change the subject, the congregation were given a chorus to sing—

"I've a Friend that's ever near, never fear."

"What does that mean?" asked the Officer.

"Don't be afraid of the police. The Salvation Army will look after you," came the prompt reply.

The audacity of many of these tribesmen in committing crime is worthy of a better cause. A story is told of an official who refused to change his watchman (a member of a Criminal Tribe) when he changed his residence. One morning he awoke up to find the pictures from his drawing-room swinging from the branches of the tree under which he had been sleeping. In the house, his furniture was turned upside down, and his bureau stood wide open. Money had not been touched, but his book of postage stamps had been neatly placed round the edge of his lawn, and on each stamp a pebble, so that it might not be blown away. He made no more ado about changing his watchman.

During the last five years The Salvation Army has been dealing with the problem of reclaiming these people, and it has met with what the Government regard, and what undoubtedly is, a remarkable success. Already there are twenty Settlements and three, Children's Industrial Homes, with a total population of three thousand. During the next few months it is hoped to double all these numbers.

To find employment for so large a number of unskilled workers has been most difficult. "We never work. We only dance and sing," said one tribe. "What does the Government think?" exclaimed another in astonishment. "Do they take us for coolies?"

"Wash our clothes!" said one tribe, when it was suggested that

their garments needed soap and water. "Do you take us for dials (Indian washermen)?" "But could not your wives do it?" "Certainly not! It would spoil the taste of our food." But this very same tribe now comes to the meetings, well dressed, clean, and tidy.

It was at Gorakhpur, in the United Provinces, where the first "Cris" Settlement was started. The Army being invited by Sir John Hewitt to make an experiment with the Doms. A little later the Bhatus and Haburans in the neighbourhood of Maradababu were added to the tribe. Then followed the Berias at Aligarh and the Sambas of the Khet District.

At Gorakhpur the Settlement occupies some extensive and substantial police lines, including two barracks, about eighty by forty feet each, and four smaller buildings, with a large and picturesque compound well shaded with trees. Silk reeling, cloth weaving, and carpentry are the industries taught the Settlers.

At Aligarh is one of the most important and picturesque Settlements. It is situated in a large fortress, which has received the name of Hewittpur. Here are about two hundred Berias, who are erecting lines for three hundred Settlers. One of the most interesting features of this work is its constant variety. Near the city of Lahore is the Government forest of Changa Manga, consisting chiefly of mulberry trees. The happy thought occurred to the Lieutenant-Governor that the money spent in cutting the forest might well be utilized in reforming the Criminal Tribesmen and finding them employment. It was with some difficulty that the tribesmen were prevailed upon to undertake the heavy labour of felling, cutting, and stacking timber, but the Settlement is now in its third year, and steady progress has been maintained.

A difficult people to manage was the Palkhawala Tribe, who live in the village of Kas Mokhal. A school and weavery were at first opened; but the Officers had scarcely arrived when they were robbed of one-sixty-six rupees (about \$8). This, however, is a very rare experience, and in the present instance, when the people got to know the Officers better they returned the money.

The Settlers who came to the Bewzada Settlement in the Madras Presidency were of the Erukula Tribe, and at first they proved very unmanageable. They would not work, they would not stay, they would not do anything they were wanted to do. Their very dokeys lay down and refused to carry stones, because, as their masters explained, they had been accustomed to carry salt all their lives.

The Army had built them comfortable quarters, but they entered them? No!—it was unlucky. They would surely die! They preferred to sleep in the open. To that no serious objection was offered. The first anniversary of this Settlement has not yet been celebrated, but already there is a marked improvement. It began among the children.

"How can I save from wickedness and made good?" earnestly asked a boy one day from our Officers. Next Sunday he brought six others, and they all knelt in prayer and similarly asked God to make them good. There are now about five hundred men, women, and children in the Settlement. Two quaries in the neighbourhood provide employment. The Settlement is named Sainyapuram (Army town).

The tributes of appreciation from those who have watched the work from its inception have been no small encouragement to the Officers, who feel that the blessing of God has accompanied their efforts and made possible these results, where human power by itself would have failed. It is a great work. For its extension, as suggested above, Officers are urgently needed.

"To what do you ascribe your success?" said one of the visitors to the Officer in charge. "Religion," replied the Officer. "Superstition," responded the visitor. "Well, sir, you can call it superstition if you like, but we call it the power of God."



FELLOWSHIP:

*An After-Easter
Reflection.*

By The Chief of The Staff (Commissioner Howard).

We are pleased to be able to publish this article from the Chief. Written as it is with restrained intimacy and choice devotional style, it will, we are sure, be greatly valued by our readers.—Ed.

IT is the closing of the Easter season the anticipating of the Ascension and Whitsun engagement began, and I was led to reflect on things which happened in the Gospel story between the original events. Out of my reflection this thought emerged: between that first Easter and the Ascension there lay for the disciples of Jesus Christ a period of peculiar fellowship with their Lord. For forty days they had dwelt and talked with their Lord. For forty days they had been abiding and gave them a totally new life, and He opened up a relationship to Himself and the Divine Kingdom.

One result of this is set out in an exclamation of the two disciples when they journeyed to Emmaus. They had not recognized their Lord; their eyes were holden, bedimmed with tears; their minds were clouded, perhaps with doubt; their ears so dull that His voice aroused no memory. But when the moment came that they knew Him, and said one to another, "Did not our hearts burn within us as He talked with us by the way?" That touch of fellowship left its mark in their experience; it was the dawn of a new conception that remained until the end of their days.

NOT ONLY INCIDENTAL TOUCHES, BUT CONSTANT UNION.

This seasonable reflection stirred afresh within me the sense of our blessed privilege, for we His servants may have a real, personal, intimate fellowship with our Lord, and this we have not only incidental touches like the Emmaus experience of the disciples, but the constant education which the world cannot implies.

I cannot but strongly insist on the reality of Divine fellowship. It is based in God's economy of Salvation. It has been realized by God's love for us. It is the privilege of true believers, and it abides with us in all ages. It is still the privilege of true believers, and it makes all the difference in Christian life and service. We need not argue those statements, for many of us can humbly declare to the glory of God that "our fellowship is with the Father and with His son, Jesus Christ."

But what is meant by fellowship?

Well, I am certain it means much more than saying prayers to God. It means a mutual sense of presence and intercourse, interlacement of thought and feeling and purpose. Fellowship is not a thing of the past only; it is a thing of atmosphere, where the soul has no movement in it, but with the Divine; a thing of light, where the Divine illumination touches on life's ways and problems right up to the realms of eternity, and thus the portals open to let the soul exchange its fellowship of faith for face-to-face intercourse with its Lord.

The soul is drawn down to the depths without fear, because he is safe in the atmosphere quite foreign to the destructive elements around him.

So the fully sanctified man in the midst of life's battle and activities lives and moves and has his being in a Heavenly atmosphere. He says:—

"My hands are but engaged below;

"My heart is still with Thee."

This is the Divine fellowship of light and love and service, and may be maintained until it merges into the fellowship of glory.

The points, however, that I wish to emphasize are these:—

1. The practical aspect of fellowship is vital.
2. Fellowship with Jesus produces likeness, and
3. That fellowship and heart purity are closely connected.

PEACE, BUT A CHARGE TO FIGHT AS WELL.

See how vital is the practical aspect of Divine fellowship! The real basis of it is union—that is, a union of mutual love and confidence. But the practical outcome of this fellowship is all important.

Strangely enough, that comes out in John's report of a meeting of the disciples, which took place on the first day as did the walk to Emmaus previously referred to. They were assembled with closed doors for the sake of their privacy; to their amazement, Jesus came and made for them a personal interview. "Peace be unto you," He said; and that was the first word from the lips of the risen Saviour. Christ gave them the word of peace.

Then, these weak, wavering men also needed power, and He gave them that when He breathed upon them and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." But Jesus did more. He filled them with His great purpose. "As My Father has sent Me, even so send ye you." Mark His words, "As My Father has sent Me, even so send ye you." This is practical and vital and powerful, and you see how it drives upon the newly-bestowed peace and power, so that you can have a firm grip on the world.

Sometimes the soul has experiences like the disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration. Truly, that was a mighty fellowship, and Peter would fain have built tabernacles and remained there.

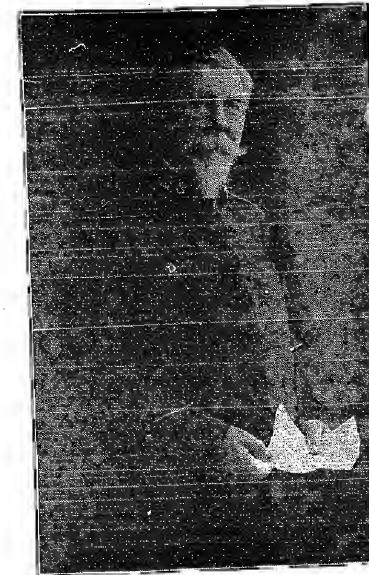
But Peter and the others had to learn the sterner side of fellowship. "Get thee hence, O Satan!" as Jesus had said to these disciples. "You are setting me on the wrong way; if Jesus had said to you, 'Stay here, that is in you, and do not go to war.' True, they were to be with this Master, but in you must go to war." True, they were to be with this Master, but in you must go to war.

It is important to remember that fellowship and heart purity are closely connected. The statement that fellowship and heart purity are of equal importance seeing that the soul abides with Christ keeps the heart pure. His Spirit is a clear light. His indwelling presence keeps out evil, quenches the fiery darts of the tempter, and adorns the character with those great qualities that make up personal holiness.

John seems to have meant just that when referring to the sons of God meeting their glorified Lord, he says, "Even so, Lord, that hath this hope purifed himself even as He is pure." "Did right to link up fellowship and purity." The pure in heart shall see God.

What is the effect of anticipating that glorious day of Heavenly union with Christ? As I quoted previously, "Every one that hateth this hope purifeth himself."

(Concluded on next page.)



The physical touch and intercourse could only be local and transient, whereas the spiritual fellowship remained neither by time nor locality. The words of Jesus to us beyond all that, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

It is to this Divine dwelling that Paul refers when he speaks of "The fellowship of the Spirit." It is this that enables the soul to realize that—

"The Invisible appears in sight.

And God is seen by mortal eye."

It is in this fellowship of the Spirit that we are empowered to do life's work, to bear life's crosses and fight life's battles. It was this that supported the martyrs as they went in triumph to their cruel death, and it is this that will help you to tread life's maxims and sacrifice the world's pleasures.

BUT ALSO FOR OUR TRANSFORMATION.

I wish, also, to emphasize the fact that fellowship with Jesus Christ produces likeness. We receive the Holy Ghost not only for our peace and comfort and victory, but for our transformation. He conforms us to the likeness of our Lord.

You know that there is a sense in which intercourse produces similarity, but you also see so physically, especially in family relationships, that persons dwelling together in mutual love do grow stronger, more like each other. There is a remarkable blending. So it is that the Spirit makes us like in our hearts, and the same purpose dominating us, we grow not only stronger in our Lord, but more and more like Him.

It is important to remember that we have free communion there must be affinity of character. The laws of fellowship include this; the things offensive to one of the persons concerned must not be allowed in the presence of the other, and the high and holy desires and purposes of the one must be other, and the high and holy desires and purposes of the other. This is Divine fellowship.

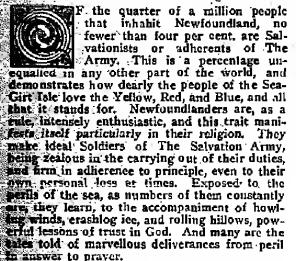
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Salvation Fighters of the Sea-Girt Isle.

ENSIGN TILLEY WRITES SHORT SKETCHES OF SOME VETERAN COMRADES OF NEWFOUNDLAND.



For the quarter of a million people that inhabit Newfoundland, fewer than four per cent are Salvationists or adherents of The Army. This is a percentage unequalled in any other part of the world, and demonstrates how dearly the people of the Sea-Girt Isle love the Yellow, Red, and Blue, and all that it stands for. Newfoundlanders are, as a people, enthusiastic, and the traits that reflect itself particularly in their religion. Their make ideal Soldiers of The Salvation Army, being zealous in the carrying out of their duties, and firm in adherence to principle, even to their own personal loss at times. Exposed to the perils of the sea, as numbers of them constantly are, they lead on to the accomplishment of howling gales, crashing waves, and rolling billows, proving the truth in God. And many are the tales told of marvellous deliverances from peril in answer to prayer.

What sort of a Salvation Soldier the Newfoundlanders is, however, may best be told by means of personal sketches of a few typical comrades. The following have been supplied by Ensign Tilley, of Bell Island.

One of The Army's first notable converts in Newfoundland is Sergeant B. —. Previous to The Army's arrival, he was a notorious drunkard, and practically all that he earned went to satisfy his craving for liquor. Through attending Army meetings, he got deeply convicted of sin, and at the Penitent-form promised God that if He would save him He would never touch the drink again. It is nearly thirty years ago since he made this solemn vow, and God has enabled him to keep it. Though he has endured much persecution.

He boasts of having as "a continual comrade in the war" the oldest Soldier in Britain's old colony. Four of the children of this happy couple are engaged in Field and Educational work in The Army on the Island. Our comrade is the author of snails, and delights especially in helping poor drunkards, many of whom he has led to God.

Another veteran Soldier is Brother G. S. —. Formerly a noted drunkard, swearer, and fighter, he is now a champion of the right, and a man of mighty power in prayer.

When stationed at his Corps I often stopped

outside his house for a minute or two when on my way to the night meeting to listen to his praying, and my own heart was always greatly stirred.

He is fond of telling about the following remarkable answer to prayer. Once when he was crossing the Atlantic from Newfoundland to Portugal with a load of codfish in a small sailing vessel, a severe storm arose. The crew became terror-stricken when a huge wave was shipped which carried away the helm, thus ren-

ONLY ONE DAY APART!

No hint or whisper stirred the air. To call it joy should be. The secret disappointment there, Nor help nor hope could see. Yet all the while the glad, near sun Made ready its swift dart.

And Calvary and Easter Day, The darkest day and brightest day, Were just one day apart!

On, when the strife of tongues is loud, And when the hearts of hope beats low, When the prophet prophesies of ill, And the mountaineer comes and goes, In this sure thought let us abide, And keep and stay our heart. That Calvary and Easter Day, Earth's heaviest and happiest day, Were but one day apart.

During the vessel heighedes. In this dilemma our comrade stepped forward and in the presence of his master called upon God to help. Almost at once a large liner was sighted, which, being signalled, hove down upon them: They were all rescued, though with some difficulty, and carried into England, from whence they reached home safely.

Not all our Soldiers earn their living on the sea, however. Many of them work in the lumber camps, where they are continually for God as unflinchingly as their mates off. One of these is Colour-Sergeant G. —, better known as "Uncle Jimmie." He embraces every

patiently accepted the infirmity, and said, "Most gladly therefore will I gather glory in my infirmities that the power of Christ may rest upon me." There was no thought of discouragement or of giving up the fight, because he lacked some gifts. "Oho No! It was his to accept the loss. So

"Mine to suite in face of failure, Thine o' giddon my defeat; Mine to kneel and drink of Marsh, Thine o' make its waters sweet."

But here is yet a stronger testimony to Paul's humility, he says, "And I was with you in weakness and in infirmity, trembling, No missionary left his weakness behind him. Paul. And this must be very encouraging to timid Officers or Candidates, that even Paul trembled with the sense of the responsibility of his mission, yet he was mightily used of God in the conversion of not only the bigoted and prejudiced Jews, but also the heathen.

The largeness of Paul's plans are also worthy of notice. We read "Paul went into the spirit when he had passed through Macedonia and Achaea to go to Jerusalem, saying After I have been there, I must also see Rome. Mark here the largeness of the Apostle's missionary plans; and they were all fulfilled. A glance at the map will reveal the extent of his purposeful travelling. He was in Ephesus when he left this, he would cross the Aegean Sea, travel through the large Provinces of Macedonia and Achaea; then return east hundreds of miles to Achaea; then return west hundreds of miles to water to Jerusalem, after which he ploughed his way to penetrate farther west than ever before, namely, Italy, going straight to the capital of the great Roman Empire, even Rome itself. And God permitted him to do this for some years, until the cruel Emperor Nero laid his devoted head upon the block, he fearlessly preached the Gospel in Rome, although he was a prisoner.

Like Moses, he was evidently not a great orator, but he spoke with such conviction and power that even despotic rulers trembled at his words. And surely we have access to the same source of power in speech, the Holy Spirit, who can make the stammerer eloquent. Yes, he who made the most timid speaker powerful in His Word can make you infinite speakers in His Word. And surely, if you will glorify God, He will give you the power to measure the "rock" in the "water" to the "dust". He

is this, you ask, an example of what a

opportunity of speaking about etc. in the Godly men with whom the great life is spent, and he prays with them. When at home, he has a quiet drill and all the other meetings, which are a great help to inspire his comrades.

He is fond of telling about the following remarkable answer to prayer. Once when he was crossing the Atlantic from Newfoundland to Portugal with a load of codfish in a small sailing vessel, a severe storm arose. The crew became terror-stricken when a huge wave was shipped which carried away the helm, thus ren-

ning him to the place "to dry."

The last name I will mention is Major —. Newfoundland Salvationist is Major —. — is over thirty years old, he is at the Penitent-form in an old house as the Army Hall in town. Whilst in a deep sleep, he had a vision of God, and thought it meant the last opportunity of seeing the place "to dry."

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One particular form of annoyance such as the comrade was wont to experience out of the Hall. This was easy of removal, as the Hall was built over the water, the only path leading to it was by a round stick called "jumper." Our comrade had the satisfaction of seeing the stick to the one of the best on the Island.

He is an ardent advocate of holy life, his personal and personal deathbeds others into the highest conception. As chief business men of the town sent one day and asked him to explain the same to him. Our comrade did so, and before helping him fully to surrender to God.

These are but passing glimpses at the noble ten thousand who are lighted and the Army in Newfoundland. Numbers increase!

missionary should be? Which of us, perhaps through the night, might be required? "Where does the Lord wish labour?" And a vision has come from the sea, with a pair of hands and a voice "Come over and help us."

If only our spirit is one of eager reach and save the lost, there is little fear that the call will come for, "Behold the are already white onto harvest." What our response?

THE NOBLEST AMBITION OF ALL.

To dare, to strive, to bleed in the service of God, is to secure the grandest of all, although it be a crown of thorns — to the highest of all thrones, although it be a cross. And ever since Christ suffered on to ransom the race, He has not wanted helpers. As told us, "He has a distinct object of social service, has his intervening generations been through the boldest and bravest spirits containing the brightest of crowns, animated by the best of passions. All other ambitions die this."

DO YOU PRAY WITH YOUR FAMILY?

Experiences of Home Worship Wanted.

Many "War Cry" readers must have things to relate concerning their own experiences of family worship, and we earnestly desire to let us know how they began, how they have come, the difficulties arising from their own lives, how it has helped them, what it has done for their children.

What you have to read this paper, please to a friend who would not be likely to see a copy.

For The Healing of The Nations.

FASCINATING GLIMMERS OF THE ARMY'S MEDICAL MISSIONARY WORK IN INDIA, JAVA, AND JAPAN—THE BLIND RECEIVE THEIR SIGHT, THE LEPROSIS ARE KINDLY CARED FOR—TOUCHING FAITH IN POWER OF DOCTOR SAHIB.

Like many other far-outspreading works of mercy, The Army's medical operations in the East had a very modest beginning. An Englishman, Mr. S. Andrews, a young man, in India, was grieved to see so much suffering among the natives, arising from their ignorance of the simplest remedies; he therefore began to read and study, so that he might alleviate some of that suffering.

In this way his gift was discovered, a medical training was offered him, and he became (Brigadier General Andrews, Medical Officer to the Army's first Hospital in India, which is opened in 1898 at Nagpur, in the South, called after The Army Mother, "The Catherine Booth." It was afterwards considerably enlarged.

After a little trouble, the assistant writes their names down; some insist on giving their histories and that of their venerable ancestors as well, besides many other minor details. A Captain in India sits at the table as soon as the Doctor Sahib appears.

"Pugna! Where is he?" That worthy makes his appearance known by coming nearer.

"What do you want?"

"Nazir, I heard of your fame and so I have come from eighteen miles, may—"

"What is the matter with you?"

"I have a pain in my eye. It gives me much trouble—cannot sleep at night because of it."

The Doctor tells the assistant to tell him to take his clothes off that he may examine his chest. Soon the examination is finished and he has a try on them.

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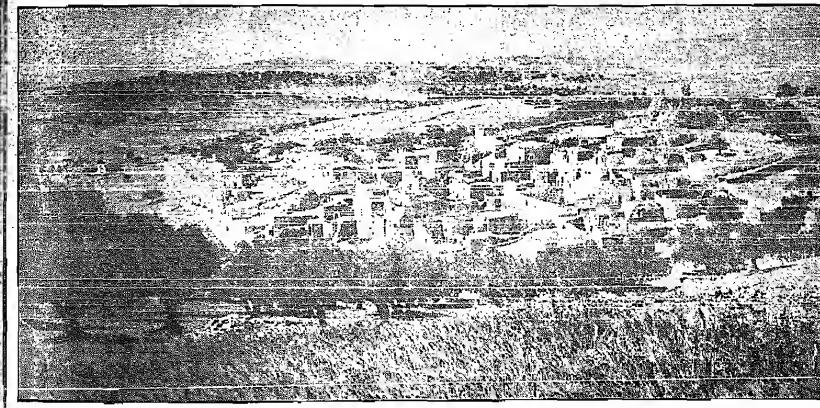
A Captain in India sits at the table as soon as the Doctor Sahib appears.

"Please come out to the cart," they pleaded.

"No, you must lift him out of the cart. I can't lift him up there."

"But you don't understand," they said; "don't you see, he's—dead!"

They had quite expected the Salvationist to bring their comrade back to life.



Bethany, the scene of our Lord's Ascension, after He had charged His disciples to "Go out into all the world." (See Page 2a)

Moradabad, made possible by the same generous friend, is performing a like beneficent work in the far north. As in the case of the other hospitals, medical work had been going on all the while the building was being erected.

A very valuable feature of this new Institution is the training of Indians for the maternity work, by which it is hoped that much of the indescribable and widespread suffering caused among India's poorest by neglect and ignorance in these matters will be done away with.

With a view to organizing this branch of the work, Mrs. Brigadier Andrews has, during recent years, been a member of the London Central Midwives' Board.

Some idea of an ordinary day's work at this Hospital may be gained from the following description:

It is early morning. The sun is just appearing over the horizon. Two or three patients are mostly sitting in the compound. One of them coughs vigorously, another putting his hand over his face, says, "Doctor, I am ill." The Doctor lets them know they are there. By-and-bye they begin to speak the language of sympathy and then endeavour to surpass each other by eloquently recounting their sufferings.

Meanwhile, more patients arrive, some on bullock carts, others on cikas, and those who cannot afford such means of transit, on foot, on men's shoulders, or on buffaloes, and other kinds of simple conveyances. Some have painful sores, others, high fevers, and others have had chronic diseases affecting them for years. All come to be cured.

is sent off to get his medicine.

Then the Doctor goes to the dressing room, where he finds a juvenile patient straggling on the table, while his anxious parents and an assistant endeavour to keep him quiet, so as to enable the number of patients to be increased. Other patients of different ages await their turn.

A man with one side of his face terribly swollen comes to the Doctor, and, opening his mouth, points to the remains of a tooth.

"Very much pain," he says, by way of explanation.

"Oh! it will be all right come and sit on this stool." Then to the assistant, "Just boil me those few roots and give me some water."

Meanwhile, the Doctor again goes out to see more patients. He finds quite a crowd there, and sees as many as possible. Soon the assistant informs him all is ready and he hurries into the dressing room. He tells the patient to look up. "Open your mouth now, don't shake." A short, painful silence, and the ordeal is over, and the patient is relieved.

The poor people of India have some strange notions concerning the white doctor's powers. "One day," says Colonel Suh Singh (Blowers), "an anxious deputation from a village fifteen miles away came to the Emery Hospital, bringing with them something wrapped in a dirty

East Indies, an equally remarkable work is in progress. At Semarang is The Army's Eye Hospital, the Superintendent of which is Dr. (Sir George) Williams, who with a Danish doctor in obedience to a call for the Missionary Field, gave up a growing practice, and offered his services to The Salvation Army. He is regarded by rich and poor alike as the chief eye specialist in the Island. Thousands of patients have received treatment, many of them the poorest of the poor, and the happiest results are seen in it.

It may be people who had already gone blind have had their sight restored. One person came no less a distance than three hundred miles, and a very poor family all came an eight-days' journey.

The father and mother, who were blind, were led by their little boy, five years of age. He also came to care for a tottering old dame, and a lame man. Some relate all that the Doctor could do for these poor people was to inform them that they were incurably blind.

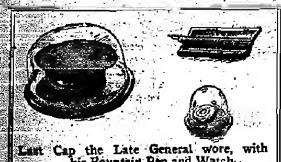
Javanese of the highest and lowest classes are treated. One morning the Doctor operated on a Dutch lady, the daughter of an admiral. The next patient to be treated was a native prisoner, who wore a heavy iron ring round his neck, and was in chains. Later during the same morning,

(Continued on Page 2a)

A VISIT TO "BOOKSTONE"

(Continued from page 5)
leaves such a room with much reluctance, for the room in which The General died.

On the landing outside the room is a wardrobe which contains the late General's motoring outfit. One gets an insight by these coats into the war-worn old Leader. In Great Britain a tour of several months duration may be a great cushion and dust, rain, wind, and mud the dauntless old campaigner proceeded to his engagements. One of the coats simply astonished



Last Cap, the Late General wore, with his Fountain Pen and Watch.

its weight. It must have been a tremendous burden upon his feeble shoulders. The onward rush of the cars, however, made such a garment very necessary.

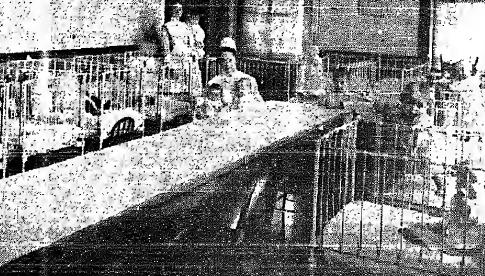
It was with feeling approaching awe that I entered the chamber where General William Booth, the hero who "never slept in a bed" and died a great man, had laid down his sword.

For generations of British Sovereigns had commanded him into their presence, and he had also been summoned by Royal command into the presence of eight other rulers, including Kings, Queens, Emperors, and Empresses; but in this room he had received the summons: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of the Lord."

The bed, wherein he died, naturally first attracted my attention. On top of the pillows, folded in a tiny square, was the handkerchief he last used. How vividly these simple things brought back the night of August 20th, 1912, before me. I rested my hand upon the bedsheet and surrendered myself to the spell of my surroundings.

That pillow had supported his head when, after nearly three score years and ten a lifetime, upon the Word of God, he gave utterance to that glorious testimony, which has been and will be a stimulus to the Christian world, "I have the promise of life; this is my confidence and hope. The promises of God are sure—they are sure if you will only believe!" That was what General William Booth said after nearly seventy years of such Christian help, as perhaps no other man has ever had. Let me trust—

On the table is also The General's watch—a repeater. Often during a wakeful night would



One of the Babies' Nurseries at Grace Hospital, Winnipeg. (See Pages 7 and 8.)

The General strike it to find out how the leader moments of the long hours were going.

The comb and brush used by him to arrange the silver hair of his head and beard there—objects of veneration to those who love his memory.

There are not many pictures—the chief is a striking colored portrait or porcelain of the late Mrs. Booth, and there is also a fine photo-

graph of the Army's First General, who died of that time and is somewhat brief. The following will, however, help us to visualize that event:

Perfect quiet reigned in the room, made more hushed and hallowed by the feeling of approaching death, and the serene and sacred silence was only broken by the Chief's whispered question, "Is this the end of the world?" and Mrs. Milne replied, "Yes, Chief, this is death."

"While tears of love and anguish fell down the cheeks of all in the room, the Chief advanced to the bedside, and bending over the dying warrior, form kissed the placid brow.

"Good-bye, old man," said the Chief, and so he tenderly placed in The General's hand, which lay outstretched on the bed cover, a telegram from Commander Eva Booth containing the words, "Kiss him for me."

Over the head of the bed is draped The Army flag that was unfurled on Mount Calvary.

On the head of the bed was the "Flag of Mount Calvary," a flag which the General had

understood that this flag was very dear to him. Certainly it is associated with what can have been to one of The General's fine

imagination and vision for the nation of Manitoba, a remarkable happening. His visit to the Holy Land in 1905.

The bedroom is a large, well-lighted room, that of the study, and it was in this room that the General's last interview with his physician took place.

On the tables in front of the window are several objects of interest, one of which is the cap The General last wore. It is made of dark blue cloth. In front is a gold crest on red cloth, a sword of the Salvation Army are in good order.

There is also The General's Song Book, a three-leaf memorandum holder with a number of his favorite songs, typewritten, large letters to meet his failing sight. The first I observed with that well-known song so closely associated with the late General's Sunday morning meetings—"Lord through the Blood of the Lamb that was slain."

Close to it is The General's Bible. His name, in his own handwriting, is written on the flyleaf thus: "William Booth, General of The Salvation Army, Queen Victoria Street, London, England, March 1905." Not far removed from Song Book and Bible is the late General's fountain pen. It is unusually large, the barrel very broad rib, and was specially made for him.

The late General was a wizard with words. I close the Bible with a sigh. Never to hear his voice again—what a mournful thought. The last time I heard him preach was in the Masonic Hall, Toronto, and the last time I heard him speak was when he told the story of his life to the Officers in Council in that city. None that heard it will ever forget the words or the speaker.

The General, when I visited you, it was to see the late Commissioner Ralton in his life of

FOR ALL SINNERS

HE for all sinners died,
Was crucified,
To Heaven ascended then,
Where we, the sons of men,
May follow—if we own
We live through Him alone!

The General devoted a whole chapter to him as a writer.

By the way, what a characteristic remark of the late General that is recorded thus by Commissioner Ralton:

"I had not the opportunity of seeing him, but it was too late to speak to him, for he had said half in humour, though half in earnest, when the time of his departure came, 'Well, as far as the promise of life goes, I will go to the end, 'Oh, yes, I'll want to come and get something for my life, and that will finish me!'"

On the table is also The General's watch—a repeater. Often during a wakeful night would

GRACE HOSPITAL, WINNIPEG

(Continued from Page 8)
wonder that Whiney is right. But we should be surprised if the general opinion on the matter. But we have spoken of others always in that still nobler work—the Divine service—without which Salvation Army could not long exist, and many friends and women (with whom meetings are held) are patients; find also here the wounded who have made upon the walls and corridors of Grace Hospital, also the Physician and Lover of Souls.

THE RESURRECTION MORNING

A Harmony of the Bible Story

The Scofield Bible harmonizes the events of the Resurrection morning as recorded by evangelists in the following manner:

Mary Magdalene; Mary the mother of James and Salome, start for the sepulchre following other women bearing spices. They find the stone away and the first-named goes to tell the disciples (Luke 24:3-5; 24:9-11; John 20:1-10). Mary, the mother of James and Salome, enter the chamber and sees the angel (Matthew 28:1-5). She then returns to meet the other women bearing the spices. Meanwhile Peter and John, formed by Mary Magdalene, arrive, looking for the stone. They see the two angels and (John 20:11-18); (2) to the women returning with the angelic message (Mark 16:9-10); (3) Peter, probably in the afternoon (Luke 24:12-13); (4) to the disciples on the way to Emmaus toward evening (Luke 24:13-31); (5) to the disciples except Thomas (Luke 24:34-40).

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THE EASTER WAR CRY

Three Gideons.

THE RACY STORY OF A CANADIAN OFFICER'S EXPERIENCES WITH FASCINATING GLIMPSES INTO THE PAST



Gideon answers the door to a midnight visitor.

At the close of the meeting the Editor and Candidate-hunter called out a list of names of courtesans whom he wished to see, and, to Gideon's relief, his own was not included. Evidently he was not wanted.

The time was the beginning of winter, and a day or two after the Special's visit the first for which Gideon worked announced that they were going to have a "big party" in the hall and lumber yard.

"You can either take a holiday or help us to 'take stock,'" said the bass, and Gideon hesitated to reply.

That night a Cadet on his way to his appointment called at Paris, and as in those early days there were many more demands for Officers than Officers for demands, the Captain had often themselves to fish for helpers. This Cadet—his name was Gideon—had been sent to Paris to be commissioned to "open fire" at the Paris Outpost, Princeton, and as he was breaking his journey for a night at the centre to call for volunteers to take part in the opening attack.

"We had been visiting Princeton as an Outpost regularly," says Gideon, "but dropped it for a time, and another party got to who would all the good they did by soon leaving without remunerating to pay their debts."

Gideon had fairly got the war spirit on the night of the Cadet's visit, and when the call was made he raised his hand. Subsequently offering his services for six weeks, and having the Captain's strong recommendation, he was gladly accepted. And that is how he spent his holiday during the slack season.

The two set out next day. The Cadet was a very short man and Gideon "on the contrary" was very tall, and the young man, who was a wolf remembers that on the way to the depot his leader humorously suggested, "Well, Gideon, whatever we may or may not be able to do, we can say we are the 'long and short' of The Army."

"When we got to Princeton," says Gideon, "we rented an old church which stood up on a hill, and it was so exposed that the wind whistled through its cracks and crevices, and there were not a few." The rent had been taken out and temporary seats put in. They were pretty rough, too, being nothing more than heavy oak planks placed on boxes and ale kegs. The only means of heating the place was an old stone stove which, for fuel-producing capacity, was not much fit for a front-room or parlour than such a building. There was a very crooked chimney, I remember, and for artificial light we had oil lamps.

"Hand-bills had been sent on before us to announce the opening. On the Saturday night we two marched out to our first open-air meeting in a driving snowstorm. We were given over Barns, he had a cornfield with a thatch, and I, and I beat the bushes. He could then play only one time, but it was a good one for a beginning—

[SUMMARY.—Life on a remote Ontario farmstead 50 years ago is described. Gideon is a descendant of Jock Armstrong, the Border Chief, Pioneering in Canada. Gideon II, starts home-making. The good-looking Gideon III, is described in some more detail. A number of accidents. The Army comes to town. Gideon's father gets converted. There is persecution, but Gideon also caught.]

"On, on, on, on, no surrender!
On, on, on, on, on, what can hinder!
We'll all fight never to yield again
Till the King shall reign."

"We took in most of the town on our march, going down the main street and back to our Hall; but we might apparently have stayed indoors, for nobody seemed even to look our way, although when we got back a few boys came and asked us to go in and ran away. Next day Sunday, we fell in with the same crowd, we marched out twice, singing the same words to the same old tune, but no one came near us. All day we were left severely alone. The party who had been there before us had prejudiced our chance. We were not at first recognized as belonging to the predestination Army. We had no friends, no money to get biscuits, we had to put up at one of the inns.

"But my comrade had lots of courage and faith. He would say to me, 'You know, there has been trouble here and the people have lost confidence in the Army, and we will have to live it out here, but only convince them that we are sincere and that we are here for sin's, we are bound to succeed!'

"This greatly raised my hopes, although the prospects were, humanly speaking, very poor.

"We were for one thing, beginning to run out of money, of which we had only a little on coming to the town. We saw therefore that we could not pay hotel bills without soon running into debt. So we resolved to live on the road in a simple manner for a time. When we came to settle up with the hotel proprietor and thank him for his kindness, he refused to take anything. So we

had a little money left, and we had to go to the hotel again, and the proprietor said, "Well, you have to pay me, but you are bound to stay with us, so you will have to pay me." So we paid him, and he said, "Well, you have nowhere to lay your head; we are better off than He was. You can lie on one side of the stove and I on the other, each on an oak plank; you can have the tambourine for a pillow, and I will use the end of the broom." I had come fully prepared to follow my leader, and he had no money, but he was a strong man.

"We were now beginning to be kindly received here and there, the people having had the opportunity of visiting them and making known our purpose in coming; so that on our second Sunday we had an audience of about one hundred. On the third Sunday there would be about double that number, and several of them came forward and shook hands, wishing us Godspeed.

"The Cadet certainly pouted out his heart in speaking to those little gatherings; I gave my simple testimony, and some of the people seemed to be deeply affected. We were now delighted over the prospect, and when the comrade who had been here before us and the one who had come to us, both said, "We are bound to stay with us, we will have a time of rejoicing all to ourselves."

"The Cadet would assure me in these confident moments that God was 'going to move the place,' and we laid our weary bodies down on the hard planks with souls full of happy anticipation."

"On one of these Sundays, the second or third, we were aroused at midnight by a loud knocking at the old church door. Getting up and answering it, I found a young man there who had attended the evening meeting. He wanted to know if we were living in the church. I said yes, we were making the best of a bad job, or, given a little, we could do better. He said, "I am a member of the church, and I have come to invite him inside. It wasn't particularly comfortable to be standing half-clad at the open door on a mid-winter night. He came in, and the conversation continued.

"'Boys,' he said. 'I went home to sleep, and I went to bed, but I couldn't sleep. I had to get up and come back.' Then he began to cry, and said, 'I would give anything if I could say I am saved.'

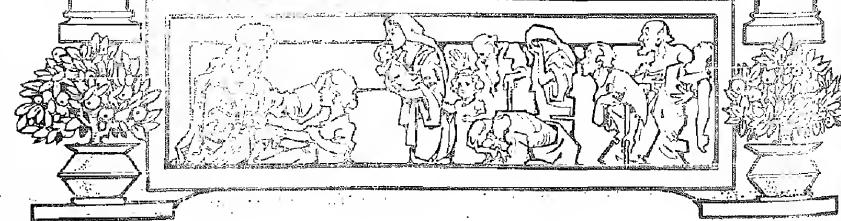
"We had a few words with him, and then got down on our knees and prayed for him, and he prayed for himself. And although many years have passed since I last saw him, I still have a clear recollection of the most wonderful prayer meetings I was ever in. It seemed as though we were in Heaven. That was the first thrill of joy I experienced in helping a soul to God, and I shall never, never forget it."

(To be continued.)

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